THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 14, 1802.

The Hiſtory of Pervurou; or, the Bellows-Mender.

[Continued from Page 430.]

NEW embarraſſments crouded on me, when I reached Lyons. Where begin my reſearches? How come to any knowledge, in a great city, of the aſylum which Aurora had choſen? In what manner could I preſent myſelf before a father, amid the firſt tranſports of his indignation againſt the criminal ſeducer of his daughter?—How could I wander from one convent to another, without the riſk of being ſuſpected, from the nature of my inquiries, and expoſing myſelf to the danger of a dungeon, where I might be plunged, for having acted ſo abominable a part? In order to deliver myſelf from theſe perplexities, I had recourſe to my engraving friends, who all adviſed me to remain quiet, and wait peaceably, till the procedure for breaking the marriage became the topic of general converſation at Lyons. I conſented to follow their counſels; to forbear enquiries, alike dangerous and uſeleſs; and to take meaſures for improving my fortune, too well convinced, that this was the only chance of hereafter regaining the heart of Aurora.

Thanks to my generous friends, after having diſpoſed advantageouſly of the jewels, lace, and other valuable articles, which were uſeleſs to me, I found myſelf in poſſeſſion of nearly ten thouſand crowns. It was reported, at that time, that we were on the eve of a war with ſome of the principal powers in Europe. In conſequence of this information, and with the aid of my friends, I made one of thoſe bold ſpeculations which, if it had not ſucceeded, would have placed me where I had ſet out; but which, by ſplendid ſucceſs, increaſed more than threefold my captial.

While my commercial operations were going forward in profound ſecrecy, my ſtory became the topic of public animadverſion. The intrepid Aurora, from her monaſtic retreat, hurled her fulminations againſt me and my confederates. This want of addreſs, on her part, in attacking the engravers, beſides obtaining the laugh againſt her, was of infinite advantage to me, by throwing me in the back-ground; while my friends were ſo much the more awake to my intereſts, as it was the beſt mode of defending their own. Aurora inſiſted, peremptorily, that the marriage ſhould be annulled. The abbeſs of the convent in which ſhe had found an aſylum, and who was reſpectable for her birth, as well as her good qualities, moved heaven and earth in her cauſe. Her father brought together his protectors and friends: and every thing threatened us with a defeat; the ſhame of which would have fallen on the engravers, and the weight of it on myſelf. The wags amuſed themſelves in ſeeing the pride of Aurora made the inſtrument of her puniſhment; but no ſmiles can ſmooth the brow of wrinkled and ſevere juſtice. Already a warrant to arreſt me had been iſſued, from which I had only been ſaved by the obſcurity in which I lived. The affair was brought before the courts with great rapidity.

My haughty enemy had requeſted guards, to eſcort her to the tribunal in which our marriage was to be declared null or valid. She made her appearance arrayed in all her charms, which were ſtill heightened by the ſemblance of the moſt unaffected modeſty. Never had any cauſe aſſembled ſo immenſe a crowd of ſpectators. Aurora's counſel pleaded for her with ſo much eloquence, that the tears of the auditory ſometimes forced him to ſuſpend his declamation. The emotion of the judges indicated what kind of ſentence they were about to pronounce, and which the feelings of the audience were powerfully impelled to ſanction: when the engraver, who had ſought to be the huſband of Aurora, ſeeing that no counſel aroſe to plead on my ſide of the queſtion, requeſted permiſſion, from the judges, to enter on my defence. This requeſt was immediately granted, that it might not be ſaid I had been condemned unheard. He gave my hiſtory in a few words; in which nothing was exaggerated, except the eulogium with which he honoured me. He owned, nevertheleſs, that the ſingular circumſtances of my marriage would authorize the judges to declare it null and void. He heſitated for a moment. The moſt ſolemn ſilence reigned throughout the aſſembly; when, turning to Aurora, he added, in a firm tone of voice—" No, Madam, you are not the wife of the bellows-mender—but nature deſtines you to become the mother of his child!—Liſten to the powerful cry of the infant which you carry in your womb; and then ſay, if you deſire to become free, while your child is condemned to the infamy of illegitimacy?"—' No, no! exclaimed the trembling Aurora, burſting into a flood of tears;

and

and the whole audience, weeping in ſympathy with her, joined in the exclamation of—" No! No!"

This cry of maternal tenderneſs decided the cauſe. The judges declared, that the marriage was valid according to the contract, in which I had ſigned my true name; alledging, alſo, that our ſituations were not ſufficiently unequal, to authoriſe the diſſolution of our union. But they wiſely decreed, in order not to leave the adventurer too much cauſe for triumph, that my wife ſhould be permitted to reſide in the convent which ſhe had choſen for her aſylum; an injunction was laid on the huſband, under certain penalties, neither to reclaim, purſue, or moleſt her, in any manner whatever; that the child ſhould be baptized under my name, but that I ſhould at no time have a right over its education. The reſt of the ſentence turned on objects of detail, more intereſting to gentlemen of the long-robe than the hiſtorian. Aurora left the audience in triumph. The crowd eſcorted her to the convent; crowning her with eulogiums for the tender ſacrifice which ſhe had juſt made, to the infant with which ſhe was pregnant.

Such was the reſult of this celebrated trial, during the deciſion of which I was little at my eaſe. Obliged to hide myſelf from every eye, I took advantage of my not being known, to glide among the crowd: no one conjecturing that the bellows-mender, of whoſe hiſtory they heard ſo much, wore decent cloths, fine linen, and was a perſonage in no mean circumſtances. The moſt ridiculous ſtories were fabricated, reſpecting my abſence and my marriage. I ſometimes endeavoured to laugh with the reſt; but was horribly abaſhed, to find that even thoſe who amuſed themſelves moſt at the expence of Aurora, were virulent declaimers againſt what they called my infamy. Agreeably to the dictates of my own feelings, and in conformity to the advice of my friends, I determined to quit Lyons, and employ my funds in ſome other place—where my name and hiſtory were unknown. I made choice of Paris for my reſidence; where, amidſt an immenſe population, I could moſt eaſily eſcape obſervation; and, alſo, where I could employ my capital to moſt advantage. There, my friend, the poor bellows-mender, with a hundred thouſand livres, and the credit of his friends at Lyons, eſtabliſhed a commercial houſe, which ſucceeded beyond all his hopes. I was, during five years, the favourite of fortune; and my conſcience renders me this teſtimony, that I had no reaſon to bluſh at any of my ſpeculations.

My correſpondence with Lyons was active. A happy accident gave me the means of rendering eſſential ſervice to one of the firſt banking-houſes of that great city. The proprietors teſtified their boundleſs gratitude towards me; and preſſed me ſo earneſtly to pay them a viſit, that the deſire of yielding to their

ſolicitations, together with the ſecret wiſh of breathing the ſame air as Aurora, led me to accept of the invitation. I made my appearance in Lyons, with carriages, ſervants, and fine cloaths; none of which were, this time, borrowed. Fortune had ſo ſucceſsfully laboured for me, during five years, that I had the means of ſupporting a magnificent ſtyle of living.

My old friends ſcarcely recognized me; you may therefore imagine, that it was not a very difficult taſk to eſcape the penetration of my new acquaintances. Without appearing to annex the ſlighteſt importance to the ſubject, I ſometimes talked of the celebrated trial, which had intereſted the city of Lyons five years before: and terminated my queſtion, by curſorily enquiring what had become of Aurora and her family? I learned, that her father had lately died; that loſſes, on the one hand, and oſtentation, on the other, joined to the ſums he had laviſhed on the education of his daughter, had left his affairs ſo embarraſſed, that Aurora, at his deceaſe, found herſelf almoſt without reſource, and in ſome meaſure dependent on the benevolence of the abbeſs of the convent where ſhe had taken refuge. I was alſo informed that, although whenever Aurora appeared ſhe was ſtill the object of general applauſe, ſhe conducted herſelf with ſo much propriety, that ſhe was not leſs reſpected than admired. The bellows-mender, it was obſerved, had ſuffered her to remain tranquil ſince the trial, without attempting to reclaim his loſt rights.

I did not liſten to theſe recitals without the moſt lively emotion. During five years reſidence in the capital, young and ambitious, as well as deeply enamoured of Aurora, the ardour of my efforts to acquire a fortune which might give me the right of reclaiming her I loved, had abſorbed my mind; but my abode at Lyons, and the unſuſpected teſtimony of all with whom I converſed in favour of my wife, awakened every latent ſentiment of tenderneſs in my boſom. The image of Aurora—of her whom I had deceived, but whom I adored—again occupied every thought of my ſoul—again throbbed in every pulſe!—I felt how worthleſs was the acquiſition of wealth which ſhe refuſed to ſhare. I felt that ſhe was neceſſary to my exiſtence; and my child—was I never to fold him in my arms?—never to feel the endearments of him who owed to me life? Never to know thoſe parental tranſports which, though I had not experienced, my heart told me muſt be exquiſite! I could bear theſe cruel reflections no longer; I determined to behold Aurora, and my child.

One of the engravers, by my order, aſſembled her father's creditors, and diſcharged all his debts; purchaſing for me, at the ſame time, certain pieces of furniture, to which long habit had

had aſſociated an idea of value in the mind of Aurora—this was the leaſt difficult part of my enterprize.

(To be continued.)

The ART *of* RUNNING.

UPON this amuſing ſubject the following paſſage occurs in the travels of Tavernier into Perſia, publiſhed nearly an hundred and forty years ſince.

" Theſe valets, or footmen, make a trade of running, of which the king and the lords have ſeveral in their ſervice, it being a piece of grandeur to keep a great many. They ſerve from father to ſon, undergoing an apprenticeſhip in running. From ſix to ſeven years of age they only ſet themſelves to walk ſlowly; the next year they run a league at a time, upon a handſome trot; the next, two or three leagues, and ſo proportionably for the reſt. At eighteen they are allowed a ſcrip of flour, with a flat piece of copper to bake their bread upon, and a bottle of water, all which they carry about them when they run. For theſe people, when they are ſent poſt, never take the caravan road, but the ſhorteſt cuts through the deſerts, and muſt therefore accuſtom themſelves to carry their proviſions. The king and the lords have no chaters (runners) but what are maſters; which degree they are not to arrive at without ceremony and performing a race, like our Jemmy and the butcher of Croydon.*

" If he be a lord that owns the chater who deſires to be a maſter, he ſends for all his friends, ſets up a ſcaffold in the meydan, and provides a collation. Now there is not one of theſe gueſts that does not bring ſomething to give this chater, after the race is run. Then the chater appears with his legs greaſed, his thighs bare, only a ſlight ſhort pair of looſe breeches, and a girdle with three little bells hanging upon his belly. Thus accoutred, he ſtarts from Ali Capra, and between ſun-riſing and ſun-ſetting, he runs backward and forward to a ſtone a league and a half off from the city, towards the mountains, running in that time ſix and thirty of our common leagues, or 108 miles. While he runs, three or four horſemen continually ride to and fro, to ſee that there be no deceit in the chater's race, who, when he approaches near the city, ride before to give notice of his coming. Every time he ſtarts and returns the drums and trumpets

* It is highly improbable that Tavernier, a Frenchman, ſhould have written the local and perſonal alluſions in this ſentence. Perhaps ſome of our antiquarian readers will do us the favour to ſtate what cuſtom or character exiſted in 1678, which could induce the tranſlator to make this interpolation, for the ſake of alluding to it.

trumpets ſound; at the end of every race there ſtand ſeveral perſons with arrows in their hands, and every time he comes to the ſtone they give him an arrow, which he carries back every courſe to Ali Capri. Every time he returns the attendants rub him, and make much of him. All the time he runs he eats nothing, but drinks ſherbet now and then. If he acquit himſelf well, which appears by the number of arrows brought back, he is admitted a maſter by the approbation of the king's footmen, who are ſuperior to all the reſt."

PRESENT STATE *of* LITERATURE *in* RUSSIA.

THE revivifying government of Alexander I. promiſes new life and vigour to the arts and ſciences throughout his immenſe empire. Incredible, indeed, was the preſſure of the prohibitory edicts under the reign of Paul. During that inauſpicious ſeaſon, only a few plants ſprung up here and there in the garden of Ruſſian literature, chiefly in Peterſburg. Among theſe, for inſtance, may be reckoned the "Kabinet Petra Velikago;"—or, Cabinet of Peter the Great, written in the Ruſſian language by Joſeph Bieliajev, under-librarian to the academy of ſciences, and ſplendidly printed in 1800, at the expence of the academy, in three large quarto volumes. It is intended to be a catalogue of the books, natural curioſities, works of arts, medals, pictures, and other treaſures, which the academy founded by Peter the Great poſſeſſes: But it is to be feared, that this liſt itſelf will ſwell to a library, if the ſucceeding parts ſhould be written in the ſame ſpirit as the three firſt. The firſt volume contains only the relics of Peter the Great, with five plates, comprehending even the productions of his turning-lathe which are preſerved, as is well known, in a ſeparate apartment. The ſecond volume gives ſome, but extremely defective accounts of the academic library, in which there are 2964 Ruſſian works, (and among them no leſs than 305 Ruſſian romances!) and 1350 manuſcripts, (236 of them Chineſe, and 410 relating to the hiſtory of Ruſſia.) In the third volume, the cabinet of medals is illuſtrated.

It is really aſtoniſhing, how many curioſities and exquiſite works of art have from every part of Europe been collected in Peterſburg, eſpecially under the reign of Catherine II. What treaſures of art and literature are to be found only in the Imperial Hermitage! Here, for inſtance, is the moſt valuable and complete collection of ancient engraved gems, of which the celebrated collection of the Duke of Orleans compoſes only a ſmall part. Here the libraries of Voltaire and Diderot are placed, containing their manuſcripts, and manuſcript-notes on the margins of the books.

M. Von Köhler, a German, is the keeper of theſe treaſures: and the antiquarian writings which he has publiſhed in the French and German languages, ſufficiently prove him to be a proper perſon for ſuch an office. It is, however, an unfortunate circumſtance for the reſt of Europe, that it is difficult to learn, what has been ſwallowed up by theſe repoſitories on the banks of the Neva. It is therefore to be lamented, that the ſplendid deſcription of the Michaelowitzian Palace has ſince the death of Paul been diſcontinued. From what Kotzebue has ſaid concerning it, one may gueſs what immenſe quantities of curioſities it contained. At preſent only the three large engravings of the external views of the now deſerted palace, are to be obtained at the price of forty rubles. Of Gatſchika too, the favourite reſidence of Paul, and which the new emperor has preſented to the empreſs mother, we have a view in ſix large ſheets, engraved before the death of the late emperor, and giving us at leaſt a general idea of the plan of the extenſive pleaſure-grounds, &c.

There is no longer any doubt, that the new univerſity at Dorpat will be eſtabliſhed. This inſtitution has already coſt the nobility of Eſthonia and Livonia 100,000 rubles. Several learned men have been invited, and arrived from foreign parts, to fill the profeſſional chairs, as, for inſtance, Hezel, from Gieſſen. Dr. Schlozel, a ſon of the celebrated hiſtorian in Gottingen, has likewiſe been called from the univerſity of Moſcow to Dorpat, and is to receive a ſalary of 1500 rubles. From the emperor, the military academy, which has likewiſe been erected in Dorpat, receives, as might be expected, moſt favour and ſupport. It is ſaid, that Major General Klinger, whom Germany honours as one of her moſt original poets, and who is at preſent director of the noble corps of cadets, at Peterſburg, takes an active part in promoting theſe plans, and from a man of his intelligence ſomething well digeſted may be expected.

Full permiſſion is now again granted to viſit foreign ſchools and univerſities; and in conſequence, about 70 Livonians, Eſthonians, and Courlanders now proſecute their ſtudies at the univerſity of Jena; and a proportionate number at the other univerſities of Germany.

The book trade, which had been entirely annihilated, has for the moſt part broken the iron fetters impoſed by the licenſers; it is indeed a highly beneficial change, that no Tumanſkow and other Ruſſian zealots, but Germans, are appointed to examine German books. Here, however many things ſtill require to be corrected. The new emperor, notwithſtanding his almoſt incredible activity, cannot at once diſcover all the abuſes and improper applications of ſome of the laws. A great impediment is, that all books muſt be imported by ſea, and that conſequently during the winter, when the navigation of the Baltic is interrupted by the ice, no new publications can be procured

from

from abroad. The greateſt difficulty ariſes, however, from this circumſtance, that a Ruſſian ukaſe remains always in full force until it is expreſsly repealed by another. Hence, ſome timid licenſers, though men of enlighted minds, adhere with a ridiculous ſtrictneſs to the old forms and regulations.

Previous to the reign of Paul, the examination and licenſing of books, in the German provinces, was entruſted to the chief magiſtrates of their reſpective capitals. But Paul appointed imperial licenſers for that purpoſe; and the ſame regulation continues, until altered by a particular ukaſe. Lieutenant Colonel Fiſoi Richter is licenſer in Reval. Under Paul nothing was permitted to be printed in the large printing office of that city, except advertiſements, play-houſe bills, hymns from the Reval hymn-book, and the weekly newſpaper, the articles inſerted into which were however ſubjected to a ſtrict previous examination. And according to the lateſt accounts from Reval, the ſame reſtrictions ſtill continue to be enforced, becauſe no ukaſe has yet aboliſhed them, although repugnant to the emperor's intentions. Therefore when it was lately intended to print a very edifying hymn taken from the Augſburg hymn-book, the licenſer, Richter, would not permit it; and was at laſt only prevailed upon to grant his leave, by the applicant's aſſerting, in a note addreſſed to him, the untruth, that the hymn was taken from the Reval hymn-book. A wine merchant in Reval, wiſhed to have ſome tickets printed for the purpoſe of diſtinguiſhing his different ſorts of wine. At firſt the licenſer would not grant to any of the French wines the honour of having their names printed: at laſt, however, he relented with reſpect to this point; but ſtill the printing of the words—St. Uber's Wine, and of—Biſhop, (a well known drink compoſed of wine and oranges) was deemed to him quite inadmiſſible; becauſe *St.* denotes ſaintſhip and ought not to be profaned by being affixed to a wine bottle; and becauſe *Biſhop* denotes an eccleſiaſtical dignity. From theſe ſamples the readers may judge of the reſt. No where is greater liberality evinced than at Peterſburg, where M. Adelung, nephew of the celebrated lexicographer, executes the office of licenſer in a manner conformable to the wiſhes of the emperor.

SKETCH *of* LONDON FASHIONS *for* JUNE.

MORNING dreſs of cambric muſlin. Handkerchief of muſlin trimmed all round. A ſmall cap of worked muſlin with a lace border.

A dreſs of lilac ſilk, the ſleeves of white ſatin trimmed with lace; full epaulets of lilac ſilk. A ſmall hat of ſilk ornamented with flowers.

Walking dreſs of white muſlin with ſeveral rows of lace or work let in from the top to the bottom of the train. The hair dreſſed, with a white lace veil over it.

PROMENADE DRESSES.

A white muſlin round dreſs. A black lace cloak trimmed all round. A bonnet of white chip and lilac ſilk, with a lilac feather in front.

A round dreſs with a very narrow flounce round the bottom. A habit ſhirt of fine muſlin plaited very ſmall. A ſtraw hat lined and tied under the chin with lilac, and ornamented with a flower.

A round dreſs of cambric muſlin with long ſleeves. A black lace cloak trimmed all round. A full ruff of cambric round the neck. A ſtraw thatched hat turned up in front with a ſtraw loop that is faſtened on the top of the crown with a taſſel.

EVENING DRESSES.

Dreſs of cambric and lace vandyked. The boſom trimmed round with lace.

Dreſs of fine ſprigged muſlin trimmed with lace.—A buſſont of lace over the boſom, faſtened in a bow on the front of the dreſs. A white ſatin hat trimmed up in front, and ornamented with antique gems, and bird of paradiſe feathers.

A round dreſs of white muſlin made with plain wrapping fronts, the back full, with lace let in it acroſs. The tops of the ſleeves very full, the bottoms trimmed with lace. A Mamaluke jacket and turban trimmed with ſilver.

A dreſs of yellow ſilk, the body and ſleeves covered with black lace. A long ſaſh of black lace faſtened on the left ſide. Black lace tucker. Turban of yellow crape ornamented with flowers and bows.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The prevailing colours are lilac, yellow, fleſh colour, blue, and puce. Flowers of all deſcriptions are univerſal. In full dreſs white oſtrich feathers are the principal ornaments for the head. Spaniſh cloaks of white muſlin trimmed all round with lace are generally worn. The patent perforated Leghorn and chip hats are favourites: coloured chips are likewiſe becoming faſhionable.

Objects highly deſerving of Commiſeration and friendly Aid.

THERE are great numbers of perſons, of various deſcriptions, in all places, and particularly in great towns, who, though they find means juſt to ſupport life, and have too much

feeling ever to ſubmit to the diſgrace of becoming a burthen upon the public, are yet very unhappy, and conſequently objects highly deſerving of the commiſeration and friendly aid of the humane and generous. It is hardly poſſible to imagine a ſituation more truly deplorable than that of a perſon born to better proſpects, reduced by unmerited misfortunes to poverty, and doomed to paſs his whole life in one continued and hopeleſs ſtruggle with want, ſhame, and deſpair.

Any relief which it is poſſible to afford to diſtreſs that appears under this reſpectable and moſt intereſting form, ought ſurely never to be withheld. But the greateſt care and precaution are neceſſary in giving aſſiſtance to thoſe who have been rendered irritable and ſuſpicious by misfortunes, and who have too much honeſt pride not to feel themſelves degraded by accepting an obligation, which they can never hope to repay.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

SHERIFF's COURT, Saturday, May 29.

QUACK DOCTORS.

RICHARDS *v.* BURNETT.

THIS was a writ of enquiry of damages in an action brought by the plaintiff, a clerk in a reſpectable merchant's counting-houſe in the city, againſt the defendant, a vender of quack medicines, who ſtiled himſelf a doctor, and diſtributed hand-bills advertizing medicines which were to cure every diſorder that man was ſubject to. The plaintiff had laboured under a ſcorbutic complaint, which frequently appeared in red ſpots and ſlight eruptions on the face. He had applied to an apothecary, who told him there was nothing unuſual or alarming in his caſe, and that it was only neceſſary for him to live regular, and take the moſt ſimple medicines. The plaintiff, however, ſhortly after proved impatient, and having met with one of the defendant's hand-bills, applied to him for relief. The defendant undertook, for the ſum of ten guineas, half of which he was paid down, to effect a complete cure, and for that purpoſe he preſcribed certain pills, the virtues of which were enumerated in his hand-bills: and to aid the qualities of them, the plaintiff was to rub an ointment on his face every night. The defendant ſtrictly enjoined him not to let his friends know that he had placed himſelf under his directions. He went on thus adminiſtering his medicines, and occaſionally obtaining a guinea from the young man, who found himſelf from time to time getting infinitely worſe. He was reduced to ſuch a ſituation that he was nearly deprived of the uſe of his limbs, and his ſight

ſight was extremely impaired. In this ſituation he acknowledged to his friends the error he had committed. The aſſiſtance of an eminent phyſician was obtained, who found the plaintiff in a ſtate of danger from which he hardly hoped to extricate him. He attributed it to the injudicious and indiſcriminate uſe of outward and inward applications of mercury and antimony. By proper treatment the plaintiff recovered the uſe of his limbs, but the ſight of his left eye was entirely loſt. It was to obtain a ſatisfaction for this injury the preſent action was brought.

The witneſſes conſiſted of medical gentlemen, who depoſed, that the plaintiff owed not only the loſs of his eye, but the debility of his frame, ſolely to the unſkilful management of the defendant.

The under-ſheriff expreſſed his ſurpriſe that cauſes of this nature were not more frequently the ſubjects of inquiry in courts of juſtice, conſidering how the health and lives of the public were tampered with by ignorant pretenders to medicine. It was matter of regret that the legiſlature did not turn its attention to an evil which had extended itſelf not only throughout the metropolis, but every part of the country; or it were to be wiſhed that grand juries would exerciſe the powers with which the conſtitution entruſted them. Such men as the defendant could be conſidered in no other light than as public peſts to ſociety: a legalized plague to ſweep mankind from the face of the earth.

The jury conſulted a ſhort time, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 400l.

GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS,

For MAY, 1802.

FRANCE.

THE celebration of the return of peace, and the re-eſtabliſhment of popery, took place on Eaſter Sunday, with great parade and oſtentation, in the cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris. The chief conſul was introduced into the church by the cardinal legate, and afterwards took his place on the throne which was formerly allotted to the kings of France, but which, for this occaſion, inſtead of a *throne*, was denominated a *temple!* The ſermon was preached by the archbiſhop of Aix, the very prelate who officiated in the ſame character before Louis XVI. on his coronation.

The grand feſtival of the proteſtants took place on the ſame day. The great church, or place of aſſembly, at Paris, was crowded nearly as much as that of Notre Dame, and the conſtituted authorities attended.

The French journals of the 7th of May contain a meſſage from the conſuls to the legiſlative bodies, communicating the treaty of Amiens for their approbation. It takes a general review of the preſent ſtate of Europe, and enumerates the benefits France has conferred on her allies; laments the diſorders of the Helvetic republic, and inſinuates that it may be neceſſary for foreign powers to interfere to extinguiſh the troubles of that country. The tribunate has paſſed a reſolution, "that ſome ſplendid pledge of national gratitude ſhall be decreed to Bonaparte," to whom the general made an appropriate anſwer.

It does not appear that any commercial treaty has been negociated between this country and France during the reſidence of Mr. Jackſon at Paris, who was ſuppoſed by many perſons to have been diſpatched for that expreſs purpoſe; nor is there any expectation that any ſuch inſtrument will be negociated. There ſeems to be a great averſion on the part of the French government to ſuch an interchange of commercial intercourſe with regard to Great Britain; or rather, as is ſuſpected, Bonaparte intends, in a ſhort time, to benefit the trade of his own country, by propoſing to the Britiſh government, either that the very heavy duties on French brandies, ſilks, lawns, and other articles of French manufacture, ſhall be mitigated, or that equal, or even heavier, imports ſhall be laid upon the manufactures of this country on their being landed in France. That he has ſome private and cogent reaſons for his conduct in this reſpect towards Great Britain, is eaſily aſcertainable from the fact, that every former commercial treaty is recognized with every ſtate with which the French government has lately negociated, excepting Great Britain.

The Paris journals of the 11th of May contained the moſt important intelligence. Bonaparte proceeds in the raſh career of ambition which he has been ſo rapidly purſuing, and has extorted from the conſervative ſenate his re-election to the chief conſulſhip for another term of ten years. But, not ſatisfied with this limitation, in the name of the conſuls, he has publiſhed a decree, that a propoſition ſhall be ſubmitted to the vote of the French people, whether he ſhall not be elected for life? In the preſent degraded ſituation of the French, there is no doubt of his being able to force this meaſure upon them; but he may perhaps find, that he has proceeded too rapidly and too inſidiouſly to ſovereign power! Some of his creatures have ſince had the impudence to propoſe, that, beſides being conſul for life, he ſhall have the power to nominate his ſucceſſor! And one man has actually publiſhed a book to prove that he ought to take the title of emperor of the Gauls! Whether the adviſers of theſe follies are really ſtimulated by a fawning ſpirit, or whether they deſign to bring diſgrace and ruin upon Bonaparte, it is difficult to determine.

General

General Menou has arrived at Paris, and has been preſented to the Firſt Conſul, who gave him the moſt diſtinguiſhed reception: General Menou ſaid to him—"Conſul, in coming into your preſence, I feel a ſtrong renewal of my regret at having witneſſed the loſs of your fineſt conqueſt."—"The fate of battles (replied the Firſt Conſul) is uncertain. You did every thing that could be expected, after the unfortunate affair of the 21ſt of March, from a man of courage and experience. Your long reſiſtance at Alexandria contributed to the ſucceſsful iſſue of the preliminaries of London, &c."

GREAT BRITAIN.

The ratification of the definitive treaty, announced in the laſt number of our review has left each nation at leiſure to regulate its own private concerns. At the ſame time, what we expected has come to paſs—the treaty has been thoroughly canvaſſed by parliament, and the old miniſters have ſpoken with great freedom on the ſubject. To have entirely approved of the peace would condemn their former conduct, and therefore ſomething of their oppoſition muſt be aſcribed to their love of conſiſtency. However various indeed the opinions may be relative to the ceſſation of hoſtilities, one ſentiment prevails amongſt the great maſs of the nation—a ſentiment in which we cordially acquieſce—peace is the only ſure and certain road to plenty!

Notwithſtanding the difficulties which ſeem to ariſe in the forming a commercial treaty between Great Britain and France, we ſincerely hope they will be ſoon be removed. It is highly for the intereſt of both countries that old enmities ſhould be forgotten—prejudices ſuffered to die away—and forgetting what has paſt, let us cultivate a friendly intercourſe, and guard againſt every thing which may even diſturb, much more deſtroy our preſent and long deſired tranquillity.

Of Touſſaint, the chief of the blacks in St. Domingo, little has been heard on which we can rely with certainty. The reſtoration of ſlavery by the French can only tend to rouſe their paſſions and inflame their vengeance. Reports circulate that Touſſaint is too hard for them—that his frequent harraſſings, together with the heat and ſickleneſs of climate, have nearly conſigned the French army to deſtruction!

THE TOWN IN 1714.

[From "A Journey through England," publiſhed in 1714.]

I Am lodged in the ſtreet called Pall Mall, the ordinary reſidence of ſtrangers. If you would know our manner of living,

living, 'tis thus; we riſe by nine, and thoſe that frequent great men's levees find great entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables; about twelve the *beau-monde* aſſemble in ſeveral coffee or chocolate houſes, the beſt of which are the Cocoa-Tree and White's Chocolate-Houſes; St. James's the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's and the Britiſh Coffee-Houſes; and all theſe ſo near one another, that, in leſs than an hour, you ſee the company of them all. We are carried to theſe places in chairs (or ſedans), which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or a ſhilling per hour; and your chairmen ſerve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondaliers do at Venice.

If it is fine weather, we take a turn in the park till two, when we go to dinner; and, if it be dirty, you are entertained at *picket* or *baſſet* at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna and St. James's. I muſt not forget to tell you, that the parties have their different places, where, however, a ſtranger is always well received; but a whig will no more go to the Cocoa-Tree or Orſinda's than a tory will be ſeen at the Coffee-Houſe of St James's.

The Scots go generally to the Britiſh, and a mixture of all ſorts to the Smyrna. There are other little coffee-houſes much frequented in this neighbourhood, Young-Man's for officers, Old-Man's for ſtock-jobbers, pay-maſters, and courtiers, and Little-Man's for ſharpers. I never was ſo confounded in my life as when I entered into this laſt: I ſaw two or three tables full at *faro*, heard the box and dice rattling in the room above ſtairs, and was ſurrounded by a ſet of ſharp faces, that I was afraid would have devoured me with their eyes. I was glad to drop two or three half-crowns at *faro* to get off with a clear ſkin, and was overjoyed I ſo got rid of them.

At two we generally go to dinner: ordinaries are not ſo common here as abroad, yet the French have ſet up two or three pretty good ones, for the conveniency of foreigners, in Suffolk-ſtreet, where one is tolerably well ſerved; but the general way here is to make a party at the coffee-houſe to go to dine at the tavern, where we ſit till ſix that we go to the play.

"After the play, the beſt company generally go to Tom's and Will's Coffee-Houſes near adjoining, where there is playing at picket, and the beſt of converſation till midnight. Here you will ſee blue and green ribbons and ſtars, ſitting familiarly, and talking with the ſame freedom as if they had left their quality and degrees of diſtance at home; and a ſtranger taſtes with pleaſure the univerſal liberty of ſpeech of the Engliſh nation. Or if you like rather the company of ladies, there are aſſemblies at moſt people of quality's houſes.

"The Royal Exchange is the reſort of all the trading part of this city, foreign and domeſtic, from half an hour after one till near three in the afternoon: but the better ſort generally meet

in Exchange-alley a little before, at three celebrated coffee-houſes, called Garraway's, Robin's, and Jonathan's. In the firſt the people of quality who have buſineſs in the city, and the moſt conſiderable and wealthy citizens, frequent. In the ſecond, the foreign banquiers, and often even foreign miniſters. And in the third the buyers and ſellers of ſtock.

"When I entered into this laſt, I was afraid I had got into Little-Man's coffee-houſe again, for buſy faces run about here as there, with the ſame ſharp intent looks, with this difference, only, that here it is ſettling of Bank-ſtock, Eaſt-India, South-ſea, and lottery-tickets, and there it is all cards and dice.

"You will ſee a fellow, in ſhabby cloaths, ſelling ten or twelve thouſand pounds in ſtock, though perhaps he mayn't be worth at the ſame time ten ſhillings, and with as much zeal as if he were a director, which they call ſelling a *bear's ſkin*; and theſe men find bubbles enough to get bread by it, as the others do by gaming; and ſome few of them manage it ſo as to get pretty large eſtates."

A SOLDIER's REFLECTIONS *on* WAR.

THE ſpoils, rapes, famine, ſlaughter of the innocent, vaſtation, and burnings, with a world of miſeries laid on the labouring man, by men of war, and great captains, (ſays Sir Walter Raleigh) are ſo hateful to God, as with good reaſon did Monluc, the marſhal of France, confeſs, that were not the mercies of God infinite, and without reſtriction, it were in vain for thoſe of his profeſſion to hope for any portion of them; ſeeing the cruelties, by them permitted and committed, were alſo infinite.

On the faſhionable Mode of excluding Viſitors.

THERE are ſome ſpecies of falſhood, which, from their general practice, have eſcaped thoſe cenſures to which they are juſtly liable. Such is the faſhionable mode of excluding viſitors. This practice, however difficult it may be to avoid it, conſiſtently with the accuſtomed laws of poliſhed ſociety, muſt be conſidered as attended with very pernicious conſequences. The perſons who are thus excluded, though accuſtomed to the practice, will at leaſt perceive that our tongues are capable of an ambiguous language. The domeſtic who conveys the untruth, will plead our authority, in transferring the practice to other parts of his conduct, and we ourſelves ſhall find our minds imperceptibly debaſed, and gradually leſs ſhocked with falſhood

when

when we have accuſtomed our lips thus to be at variance with truth.

WHIMSICALITIES *of* SEAMEN.

SOME days ſince a ſailor broke a pane of glaſs in a ſhop window at Rocheſter; on being deſired to pay for it, and informed it came to five ſhillings and three-pence, he paid half a guinea, and as they were going for change, he cried out, "Never mind;" then broke another, and ſaid "now we are even."

A Short time ago, a ſeaman diſcharged from the navy, with plenty of *rhino* in his pouch, ordered a poſt-chaiſe at an inn in Newcaſtle. A chaiſe and pair were brought to him; but Jack would have nothing leſs than four horſes to the carriage, which was complied with; but on opening the chaiſe door, he ſtarted back, declaring that, while he was able to keep the deck, he would not ſkulk below; he then mounted the roof, and the chaiſe, with its four horſes, its two poſtillions, and Jack, ſet off in full ſpeed, to the great amuſement of the ſpectators.

A Sailor lately repaired to the church of a ſea-port town with his laſs, for the purpoſe of being married; when, arriving at the place appointed, the uſual queſtions were put to him, and, among the reſt, the name of his fair-one was aſked: "As for that (ſays Jack), all I know about the matter is, that I took her in tow yeſterday afternoon, and that her name is *Bet*."

Subſtance of the Speech of Sir Sidney Smith at the ſecond Anniverſary Meeting of the Naval Aſylum, at the London Tavern, on June 2, 1802.

HE began with obſerving, that he hoped he need not aſſure the company of his warm feelings towards that aſylum they had provided for the orphans of thoſe brave men who had fallen in the late conteſt. Unfortunately for him, too many were in the liſt of his deareſt friends. [Here Sir Sidney's feelings were too great for utterance—his head ſunk—the big tear rolled down the hero's cheek.] A ſolemn ſilence prevailed for ſeveral minutes, and ſoft ſympathy filled many a manly boſom, until Sir Sidney was rouſed by the thunder of applauſe which followed.

Sir Sidney then again addreſſed the company, and ſtated that it was his intention to hand the governors a liſt of thoſe ſufferers; among them was his intimate friend Captain Miller, of the Theſeus; they had ſerved together as midſhipmen under Lord

Lord Rodney. Captain Miller loſt his life off Acre, and had left two children.

The next was Major Oldfield, of the marines. He would tell the company where the dead body of this brave man was contended for, and they would judge where and how he died. It was in a ſortie of the garriſon of St. John d'Acre, when attacked by General Bonaparte, that Major Oldfield, who commanded the ſortie, was miſſing. On the troops advancing, his body was found at the mouth of one of the enemy's mines, and at the foot of their works. Our brave men hooked him by the neckcloth, as he lay dead, to draw him off; the enemy at the ſame time pierced him in the ſide with a halbert, and each party ſtruggled for the body; the neckcloth gave way, and the enemy ſucceeded in dragging to their works this brave man; and here he muſt do them that juſtice to which ſuch gallant enemies are entitled: they next day buried the remains of Major Oldfield with all the honours of war.

In the liſt alſo is Captain Canes, late firſt-lieutenant of the Tigre. He loſt not his life in any of the numerous actions in which he was engaged, but in carrying diſpatches to the Mediterranean of the preliminaries of peace. He periſhed at ſea, with his ſhip and crew. This brave officer has left young orphans, who want ſupport.

Sir Sidney concluded a moſt affecting addreſs thus: "That their orphans, and the offspring of the many others who have ſo nobly fought and died in their king and country's ſervice, may meet ſupport equal to their claims, is the warmeſt wiſh of my heart!"

A HINT *to* PARENTS.

AMONG ſervants, children are corrupted from their very infancy, contracting habits of lazineſs and a domineering temper, whilſt they have ſervants to wait upon them, and inferiors to deſpiſe: but, when children are unattended, they thrive in manlineſs and ſtrength, and learn from the earlieſt period a dutiful conſideration of their fathers.

A QUESTION, *by Serjeant Bullock, of the Royal Miners.*

A Certain gentleman has a neat little meadow in form of a long ſquare, or rectangle; and it is ſo fenced, that the ſum of the longer and ſhorter ſides is equal to the ſixth part of its area; and that the longer is to the ſhorter as three to two. Hence the ſides and content of the meadow are required.

POETRY.

SONG, *written, by the Right Hon. George Canning, in Honour of the Right Hon. William Pitt (and ſung by Mr. Dignum) on the 28th of May, 1802, when he completed the forty-third Year of his Age, and nine Hundred Gentlemen dined together on the Occaſion at Merchant Taylor's Hall.*

IF huſh'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The ſky if no longer dark tempeſts deform;
When our perils are paſt, ſhall our gratitude ſleep?
No—here's to the pilot that weather'd the ſtorm.

At the footſtool of power let flattery fawn;
Let faction her idols extol to the ſkies;
To virtue, in humble retirement withdrawn,
Unblam'd may the accents of gratitude riſe.

And ſhall not his mem'ry to Britain be dear,
Whoſe example with envy all nations behold—
A ſtateſman, unbiaſs'd by int'reſt or fear,
By pow'r uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

Who, when terror and doubt thro' the univerſe reign'd,
While rapine and treaſon their ſtandards unfurl'd,
The heart and the hopes of his country maintain'd,
And one kingdom preſerv'd 'midſt the wreck of the world.

Unheeding, unthankful we baſk in the blaze,
While the beams of the ſun in full majeſty ſhine,
When he ſinks into twilight, with fondneſs we gaze,
And mark the mild luſtre that gilds his decline.

So, PITT, when the courſe of thy greatneſs is o'er,
Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recal;
Now juſtly we prize thee, when loſt we deplore;
Admir'd in thy zenith, but lov'd in thy fall!

O! take, then—for dangers by wiſdom repell'd—
For evils, by courage and conſtancy brav'd—
O! take, for a throne by thy counſels upheld,
The thanks of a people thy firmneſs has ſav'd!

And O! if again the rude whirlwind ſhould riſe,
The dawning of peace ſhould freſh darkneſs deform;
The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wiſe,
Shall turn to the pilot that weather'd the ſtorm!

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An Elegy, intended as a Tribute of Gratitude to Mrs. Oxenham, late of Exeter, who died on Sunday, May 2, 1802.

NYMPH of ſoft ſong, Melpomene divine!
O tune my lyre to monody's ſweet theme!
Obſequiouſly to grace Oxenham's ſhrine
With ſacred verſe, and give to time her name.

Remembrance oft ſhall draw the grateful tear,
Admire the bounteous heart that gave relief;

Who now, diſtreſs! thy hapleſs cauſe will hear?
O miſery! who now ſhall dry your grief?

Pity ſhone gracious in her beauteous eye;
She, like an angel, heard woe's ſad complaint;
She heard—and ſoon the wretched, ſent away,
Bleſt with her gifts, and ſmiling with content!

O round her tomb the choiceſt flow'rets rear!
Rich aromatics, and ſweet evergreens;
Waft, waft, ye zephyrs ſoft! each falling tear
To lave the ſweets that ſhade her dear remains.

Virtue herſelf ſhall on thy tomb inſcribe
The noble actions of thy gen'rous ſoul.
"Go ſainted ſhade," the hierarchic tribe
Have ſummon'd thee from this terreſtrial ball

To taſte of bliſs that will eternal reign,
And join in Heav'n's ſuperior ſong of praiſe;
Sweet hallelujahs fill the glorious ſtrain
To Him who's all in all, ineffable, and wiſe!

Ye relatives! who mourn the parent kind,
Or for the virtuous partner drop a tear,
Let reſignation eaſe your troubled mind,
In Heaven ſhe ſhines like yon celeſtial ſphere!

THOMAS WHICKER.

Exeter, May 18, 1802.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The ORPHAN BEGGAR GIRL.

AS weary I wander, by night and by day,
Invited by hope, and purſu'd by deſpair;
Full often I meet the beauteous and gay,
But they feel not my ſuff'rings, they heed not my care.
And at night, all alone, when the cold winds and rain,
Beat remorſeleſs againſt this poor ſhelterleſs breaſt;
I petition the great; they reply with diſdain;
I give them my bleſſing; they leave me unbleſt.

Ah! none think of me, for my parents are dead,
My money is gone, and my friends are all flown;
In ſolitude born, and in penury bred,
I'm doom'd thus regardleſs to wander alone.
Yon houſe, where the taper diffuſes its light,
The gay, and the affluent revel in wine;
But they dream not of ſorrow, where's there's ſuch delight,
They feel no misfortunes; they think not of mine.

Ah! fluttering heart, why ſo nimbly thus beat,
No heart with kind ſympathy e'er beats for thee;
No proteſtion on earth ſhalt thou ever more meet,
Death alone is thy friend, and he'll ſoon let thee free.
Then ye proud, and ye wealthy, go take your dull joys,
You muſt quickly this ſcene, with its pleaſures, reſign!
We may yet meet again, where no ſorrows annoys,
Nor a poor orphan girl thus unheeded repine!

CIVIS.

ODE for HIS MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY—1802.

By Henry James Pye, Esq. P.L.

NO more the thunders of the plain,
The fiery battle's iron ſhower,
Terrific, drown the duteous ſtrain
That greets our monarch's natal hour;
Peace, ſoaring high on ſeraph wings,
Now ſtrikes her viol's golden ſtrings;
Reſponſive to the thrilling note,
Symphonious ſtrains of rapture float,
While grateful myriads in the Pæan join,
And hail her angel voice, and bleſs her form divine.

Through many a whirlwind's blaſt ſevere,
The rage of elemental war,
Stern heralds of the opening year,
Sol urges on his burning car;
Though dark the wintry tempeſt lowers,
Though keen are April's icy ſhowers,
Still, ſtill, his flaming courſers riſe,
Till high in June's refulgent ſkies,
'Mid the blue arch of heaven, he victor rides,
And ſpreads of light and heat the unextinguiſh'd tides.

Glory's true ſons, that hardy race,
Who bravely o'er the briny flood,
Smiling ſerene in danger's face,
Uncheck'd by tempeſt, fire, and blood,
Britain's triumphant flag unfurl'd,
The terror of the wat'ry world,
Now freely to the favouring gale
Of commerce, ſpread the peaceful ſail,
And friendly wait from every ſhore
Where ocean's ſubject billows roar
The gifts of nature and the works of toil,
Produce of every clime and every ſoil.
The genius of the ſiſter iſles
On the rich heap exulting ſmiles,
"Mine the prime ſtores of earth's remoteſt zone,
"Her choiceſt fruits and flowers, her treaſures all my own."

Nor ſecond you 'mid glory's radiant train,
Who o'er the tented field your enſigns ſpread;
Whether on Lincelles' trophied plain
Before your ranks ſuperior numbers fled;
Or on Iſerne's kindred coaſt
Ye cruſh'd invaſion's threatening hoſt;
Or on fam'd Egypt's ſultry ſands
The banner tore from Gallia's veteran bands;
Your ſinewy limbs with happier toil
Now till your country's fertile ſoil,
Mow with keen ſcythe the fragrant vale,
Or whirl aloft the ſounding flail,
Or bow with many a ſturdy ſtroke,
King of our groves, the giant oak;
Or now, the blazing hearth beſide,
With all a ſoldier's honeſt pride,
To hoary ſires and blooming maidens tell
Of gallant chiefs who fought, who conquer'd, or who fell.

Yet in the arms of peace reclin'd,
Still flames the free, the ardent mind;
And ſhould again ſedition's roar,
Or hoſtile inroad threat our ſhore,
From labour's field, from commerce' wave,
Eager would ruſh the ſtrong, the brave,
To form an adamantine zone
Around their patriot monarch's throne.
But long, with plenty in her train,
May concord ſpread her halcyon reign,
And join with feſtive voice the lay ſincere
Which ſings the auſpicious morn to Britain ever dear!